

HARPERS FERRY ARSENAL



HARPERS
FERRY
ARSENAL

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POSITIVE youth

DEMO 2004

Who is JOHN BROWN?

On Oct 16th 1869, with a group of 21 whites, blacks and former slaves, a radical abolitionist named John Brown raided a federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry, VA in order supply weapons to slaves to help incite a slave revolt. Although this siege did not succeed and was short lived, the actions of these men helped spark a more rapid anti-slavery tone among northern abolitionists. And though he died on December 2nd 1869, John Brown's legacy lived on and siege of the Harpers Ferry Arsenal became a rallying call for abolitionists throughout the US.



GET EDUCATED, GET INVOLVED!

(HFA's recommended reading/ groups regarding our lyrical topics)

ANTI-WAR/"WAR ON TERRORISM"

9-11- Noam Chomsky; *Terrorism & War*- Howard Zinn;
On the Justice of Roosting Chickens...- Ward Churchill;
Bush in Babylon: The Recolonisation of Iraq- Tariq Ali.

VEGANISM/ANIMAL RIGHTS

Vegan: The New Ethics of Eating- Eric Marcus; *Diet for a New America*- John Robbins; *How It All Vegan!*- Tanya Bernard & Sarah Kramer; *In Defense of Animals*; People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA)

SEXISM/RAPE AWARENESS

Cunt- Inga Musica; *Refusing to be a Man*- John Stoltenberg; Your local rape-crisis prevention center.

ANTI-GLOBALIZATION

Rethinking Globalization- Bill Bigelo & Bob Peterson;
Fast Food Nation- Eric Schlosser; *Profit Over People*- Noam Chomsky.

OTHER ISSUES

People's History of the United States- Howard Zinn;
Thinking Forward- Michael Albert; Your Local Indy Media outlet; Ak Press.



5. CONSENTING ADULTS (AT V. WITH)

I'm sick of the bullshit high school diques, backstabbing, always quick to criticize, point the finger, pass the blame, laugh at, mock, and judge. Sometimes we don't make sense, but should this come between friends? We build people up just to watch them fall and kick them while they're down. We focus on all our downfalls, stupid words, strange actions, idiosyncrasies, and ignore the beauty inside us all. Don't persuade me. Don't condemn me. You won't get me to disrespect my friends. I'm not talking, I'm not listening.

Friendship is really strange sometimes. Inevitably, as we closer we get to someone, we start to see more of the idiosyncrasies, oddities and inconsistencies in them. This is pretty unavoidable, seeing as we all have our faults and strange ways of handling things, and it also makes sense that these oddities can start to irritate and annoy people the more we are exposed to them. What is surprising then, is how vicious the people who are the closest to you can be, because they see every weird aspect of your personality. Then, the people that you love the most and spend the most time with become your worst enemies, because we can be so quick to vent to the point where it becomes a venomous cycle of personal attacks and shit talking.

There's enough fucked up things to think about in the world without having to degrade my friends.

The LEGACY OF HARPERS FERRY

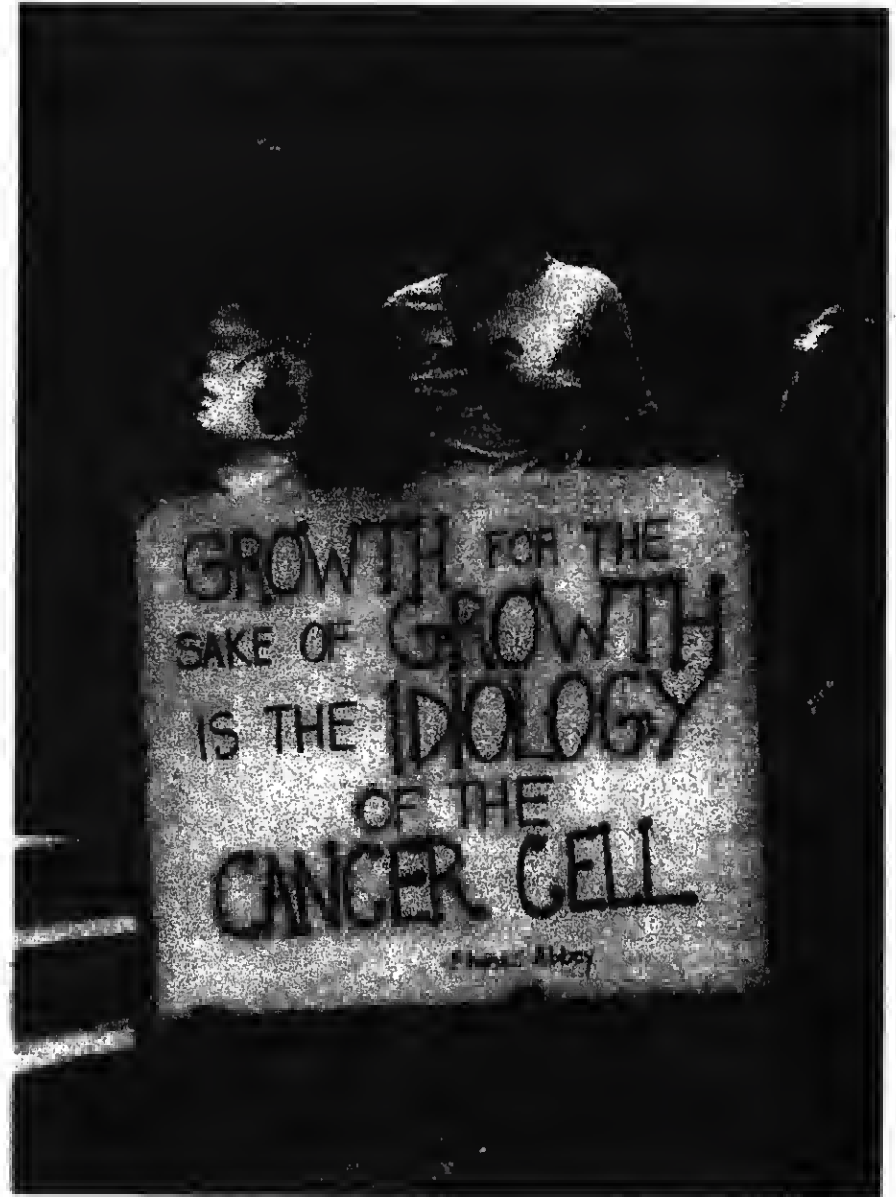
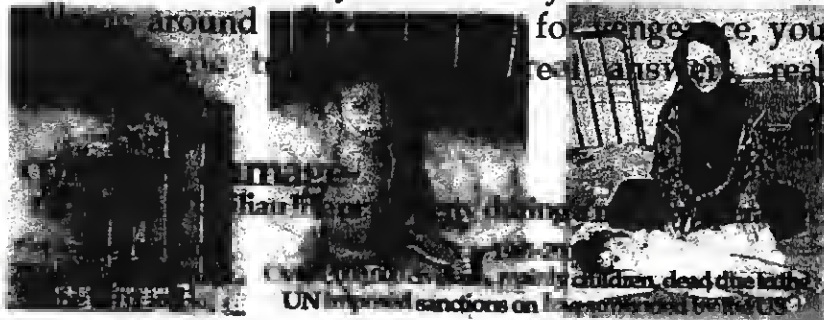
The story of the raid at Harpers Ferry can teach us many lessons. The first is that ordinary people who actively fight against injustice, not only will make history, but also will be looked upon as heroes. Inevitably, those who resist oppression will be met with hostility by those who either refuse to fight oppression or benefit from it. Stories such as the raid of Harpers Ferry show us that we can act outside the laws of an oppressive system in order to combat injustice and that if we act to end injustice we will be seen as heroes while those who follow the status quo will be forgotten or frowned upon.

What would the world be like without John Brown's army? It's impossible to tell. But if we look at all of the benefits and expansions of human rights in this world, we can see that ordinary people acting out of conscience have made every positive advancement that we see today. The people that have made history have been the people who rocked the boat, people who refused the status quo, and people who sacrificed to end injustice, not the people yelling, "Love it or leave it."

John Brown's legacy is one of resistance. We hope to continue that legacy of resistance to oppression in every act we make, and to keep making ourselves aware of oppression that is happening in this world and actively fighting against it.

I. DESERT STORM, NYC

I was 11 during Desert Storm. I saw the t-shirts and collected the playing cards. I saw the bombings and casualties but was informed by my teachers and peers that this is war. When I was 21, I saw the towers crumble, but something looked awfully familiar. I feel sorrow for all the lives that have been lost, but I can't help but think it's a different side of the coin that we tossed. (Don't get me wrong; I'm not completely heartless) It's just human tragedy is human tragedy anywhere, whether it's New York City or El Salvador, whether it's Kabul, Baghdad, or East Timor- There is no "people's war." And I mourn. I mourn, but not for the buildings or fractured status. I mourn for the typical losers, the collateral damage. I mourn for the innocent workers, the family friends, the brothers the sisters and the parents. And every time I hear the chant "USA! USA!" I can't help but feel ashamed and to blame, for the continuing of this crusade and all the atrocities done in my name. But you won't see me



4. SAME SHIT, DIFFERENT STOP

Bright lights, small town. The neon glow illuminates the farmland, another stop on the highway- a corporate wasteland of fast food chains, gas stations and strip-malls. We're supposed to leave that this is progress? Development=progress and progress= change until all that remains becomes the same. What do we do when everywhere we go becomes the same as from where we came? Progress, defined by the businessman, turns communities into commodities, and the passive consumer strums the melody to the symphony of homogeny. At what point do we call it quits, turn our back and walk away from this culture for profit, culture as commodity. Alienated, we flock to the convenience of alienation and further a cycle of exploitation and oppression. But I hope and I dream for a world where we can rely on ourselves for all our need- a world built on compassion, not on greed. I say we call it quits. Turn our backs and walk away. I say we give it back.

IF MONEY IS POWER,
WHO ARE WE
EMPOWERING?

If September 11th should have taught Americans anything, it's that attacks and bombings only kill people who have little to no say in the actual dealings of the government. Of course, that didn't happen and as we mourn the dead buried under the World Trade Centers, we celebrate as we are burying innocent Iraqis, Afghans, and whoever is next in line in the self-perpetuating (and rather Orwellian) "War on Terror."

2. 317

Sounds of wheels and open roads, glimpses of a life that will never be. Occasionally some eye contact- man or beast, at this point who can tell? Miserably poor excuses never hide these fucking facts: greedy hands forcing mass murder exonerated through some midnight snack. When will these nights of thousands screaming end differently from a morning awaiting bolt guns? Hooks, knives and over 20 million dead every day so dinner's always right. Where are we now? Butchering a living being will never be humane and should never be ok. My throat is burning now. Too many times have I screamed these words, but it's hard to keep things in perspective. Am I wrong to wish some barricade put up between myself and my fellow man who excuse injustice for convenience? Now my wheels are rolling on in the distance I can see a building full of "coats" and "steaks"- a building full of living beings. I bite my tongue and clench my fist and dream of better days

We live in a consumption based society production of goods at any cost has far removed the consumer from what they are putting their money towards. This problem is exemplified perfectly in meat and dairy industries. Somehow, vast separation from the slaughterhouse floor and the "prime rib" on your grocer's shelf has almost allowed people to forget that animals are crammed into cages and warehouses for their short lives while waiting for the trip to the slaughterhouse. People don't see cows or chickens on their dinner plates, they see steaks, nuggets, and any number of products created from the enslavement and killing of animals for food. This process has sickened me since I was old enough to understand it. The refusal to consume these products by living a vegan lifestyle is a good first step examining our consumption choices and acting upon our compassion.

* The title of the song refers to the 317 animals that die on average every second in this country due to the consumption of animal products. Decide for yourself if that is humane

GO VEGAN!!!

3. RAPE CULTURE 101

Another round of blame the victim, 1000 informal verdicts all in favor of rape and brutal oppression. I hear the same stories with the same reactions (all justifying bullshit tradition). Nurture passed off as nature and perpetuates itself. I'll hold myself responsible. My urges aren't insatiable. Point the finger at the accountable and let the survivors heal. Where second-guessing becomes a past time we initiate questioning, blame insinuated: What was she wearing? What was she thinking? What was she drinking? But I won't blame the survivor. Manhood is not based on power. I won't make excuses for the inexcusable. I refuse to believe that this is natural. Look what we let slide in the name of boys will be boys. Sexuality objectified leads to violence against the dehumanized. But I will reassess my reactions, and realize my urges are conditioned. I will hold myself responsible. I refuse to believe that this is natural.

If you are a man, we urge you to rethink how you view all women in all situations. If you are a person, we urge you to make no excuses for rape, regardless of the situation and always stand on the side of the survivor. Not only will this challenge others to stop making excuses for rape, but also let the survivor know that there are people who stand on her side and know that the intimate violation of her sexuality was not by her fault, but by the man who raped her.